















*Plays for Children by*

S. LYLE CUMMINS

VOLUME II

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON

---

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

# PLAYS FOR CHILDREN

*By* S. LYLE CUMMINS

With coloured Frontispieces and other Illustrations by  
G. L. STAMPA

---

Volume I      BLUEBEARD  
                    HAROUN EL RASHID

Volume II     ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON  
                    THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

Volume III    GOLDBLOCKS AND THE THREE  
                    BEARS  
                    TORQUIL MAC FERRON  
                    THOMAS OLIFANT  
                    TYRANNY

---

NEW YORK: GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY







“PRAY STEP INTO THE LARDER AND  
TRY TO KEEP FRESH”

ST. GEORGE AND  
THE DRAGON  

---

THE  
SLEEPING BEAUTY

BY  
S. LYLE CUMMINS

*Illustrated by*  
G. L. STAMPA

NEW  YORK

GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY

PN 6120  
A5C05

COPYRIGHT, 1923,  
BY GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY



PLAYS FOR CHILDREN. VOLUME II  

---

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

SEP 28 '23

©CIA759357

## FOREWORD

History has been kind to Saint George. His victory over the Dragon has been illustrated again and again. One has only to look at a pound note to see how good-looking he was and how easily he polished off his foe. And, after all, he is *our* Patron Saint.

But what of the Dragon? What if *he* had won? Might he not, then, have occupied the same highly respectable position that we have given to Saint George? Those who feel that the Princess Belinda was, perhaps, a little too ready to meet the Dragon on terms of social equality must remember that their interview took place *before* the battle, at a time when it was impossible to be certain which would win.

Her whole-hearted support of the Saint, once the issue became clear, will be readily understood.





## HOW TO PRODUCE CHILDREN'S PLAYS

To get the best fun out of these Children's Plays, they must be staged by the players themselves according to their own ideas and with such properties as are available or can be improvised at home. An important point is that the longest and hardest part is preferably taken by a "grown-up" upon whose strength the younger actors can lean for support. The other parts are some long and some short to suit all ages, and the fact that the plays are in rhyme makes it quite easy for children to learn their parts. Masks may be made from wire netting bent into the appropriate shape, over which brown paper is pasted to make a surface. On this surface, when dry, eyes, nostrils or ears can be fixed or painted, and through it, eye-holes can be pierced to ensure visibility to the actor. By

## How to Produce Children's Plays

working up paper with paste, a pulpy material can be made from which eye-brows, beaks or fangs can be moulded and stuck on to embellish the mask. Body coverings can be made of sacking with paper scales, feathers or fur as required. Armour is best fashioned from stout cardboard covered with silver paper. Scimitars, broad swords, daggers, and other weapons can be manufactured from wood cut to the proper shape and covered with silver or gold paper, and wound round with coloured wools or silks to give the effect of jewelled hilts or sheaths. As for costumes, it may safely be left to the mothers and aunts of the performers to produce all that is required from wardrobes, linen cupboards, trunks and other secret places where silks, satins, ribbons, laces and all kinds of finery lie safely folded, hidden away like beautiful moths or butterflies in their chrysalises awaiting the appointed hour.

## CONTENTS

	PAGE
ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON . . .	15
THE SLEEPING BEAUTY . . .	53



ST. GEORGE AND THE  
DRAGON

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THE KING.

POMPOSO, *The Chancellor.*

BUTCHER.

BAKER.

BLACKSMITH.

CROWD.

SAINT GEORGE.

THE DRAGON.

PRINCESS BELINDA.

BUTCHER'S DAUGHTER.

BAKER'S DAUGHTER.

SMITH'S DAUGHTER.



# ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON

SCENE I. *A Room in the Palace.* KING  
*sitting at a desk, PRINCESS BELINDA by*  
*window.*

KING

My dearest Belinda,  
Pray look from the window  
And see what the tumult and noise is about.  
It *is* too provoking. I can't stand their  
joking  
And croaking and smoking. It quite puts  
me out.

BELINDA

Yes, it's really too bad,  
Poor darling old Dad!  
So busy composing your Speech from the  
Throne.

# St. George

[SCENE 1

I do wish these miners and sugar refiners  
And railway designers would let you alone.

[*Looks out*] *What* a crowd in the  
square. . . .

And Pomposo is there!

He's making a speech and they're throwing  
things at him.

He's pouting, they're shouting,  
The gendarmes they're flouting,  
The cavalry routing!

He's coming *here!* *Drat him.*

*Enter POMPOSO, who kneels to the KING*

POMPOSO

Your Highness.

KING

[*Irritably*]

Confound you!

POMPOSO

The strikers surround you!

They swear that the Palace they'll burn to  
the ground.

SCENE I]      and the Dragon

The windows they're breaking,  
The portals they're shaking!  
Policemen are quaking! The soldiers . . .

KING

*Confound!*

Here's my speech gone to frazzle.

I might as well scrap it all. . . .  
And just as I'd come to the levy on capital.  
How *can* a poor monarch get on with his  
job?

POMPOSO

Your Highness, I hinted as much to the mob,  
But they hissed and they boo'd  
And they groaned and poo-poo'd  
And——

BELINDA

Did you enquire what they *wanted*?

POMPOSO

Not I!

St. George

[SCENE I

KING

What they *wanted*, Belinda?

POMPOSO

One might as well try  
To find out what the crocodile wants when  
he follows you;  
Or why the shark smiles to himself as he  
swallows you.  
Your political sense, dearest Princess, I fear  
Is not highly developed.

KING

Belinda, 'tis clear  
That you don't know this game.

BELINDA

I should *ask* all the same!

[*Shouts and yells outside*

KING

[*To POMPOSO, in an agitated voice*]  
Why perhaps 'twould be well. . . .  
What? . . . you never can tell . . . !

SCENE I]      and the Dragon

Just go out, good Pomposo, and see what  
they're driving at;

Just enquire from the leaders what is it  
they're striving at;

Just ask . . . !    [*Shouts outside*] ascer-  
tain . . .

POMPOSO

Yes, your Highness [*Shrinks  
behind throne*] although . . .

I have doubts [*Yells outside*] of the pru-  
dence, the wisdom . . .

BELINDA

*I'll go!*    [*Exit*]

POMPOSO

[*Shaking his head*]

No political sense.

KING

I'm in dreadful suspense.

Supposing they beat her, or cheat her, or  
*eat her?*

St. George

[SCENE I

What on earth shall I do? Mercy on us.  
Boo-hoo!

*[Cheers of delight from outside*

POMPOSO

Why, she's had a success.

KING

*[Cheering up]*

Then let's just go to meet her.

*[Rises*

*Enter BELINDA, followed by Crowd*

BELINDA

Oh, Papa, your poor town is half dead with  
starvation,  
You must hear for yourself from this *nice*  
deputation.

*Enter Deputation*

POMPOSO

What a moth-eaten crew!



SCENE I]      and the Dragon



“WHAT A MOTH-EATEN CREW!”  
21



KING

What unclean ragamuffins.

POMPOSO

For your Highness 't won't do  
To converse with these ruffians . . .

BELINDA

Dear Papa, don't decline;  
They are all friends of mine.  
From the butcher so nice  
To the man who breeds mice,  
And the sweet little boots at a penny a shine,  
And the girl who sells butter.

KING

Very well, let them utter.

POMPOSO

You're spoiling your people. I think it a  
pity.

BUTCHER

Gracious Lord, for three days  
Through the closure of ways

St. George

[SCENE I

Neither cattle nor sheep have arrived at the  
city.

BAKER

Neither flour nor grain  
Admission can gain.

BLACKSMITH

Neither driver of cart, nor conductor of  
wagon  
Can pass on his way  
By night or by day  
Because of——

BUTCHER

*[Anxiously]*

The Dragon!

BAKER

*[Nervously]*

*The Dragon!*

BLACKSMITH

*[In terror]*

THE DRAGON!

SCENE 1]      and the Dragon

BUTCHER

All attempts to appease him  
Have quite failed to please him!

BAKER

He can't do with less than one victim a week.  
He's had Harry and Jimmy,  
Augustus and Timmy,

BLACKSMITH

Young Marjory Jones . . . and . . .

BAKER

Bartholomew Peek.

BUTCHER

In reply to our protests he openly states  
That no food whatever shall enter our gates  
For a year unless we  
Can all guarantee  
That at least one plump wight from our  
    maidens and men  
Shall be served for his breakfast each Mon-  
    day at ten.

# St. George

[SCENE I

KING

What on earth shall we do?

POMPOSO

*He might have asked two.*

I think the proposal is quite within reason.

Poor thing, he must live;

It's the least we can give,

One plump boy or girl with some pepper to  
season!

KING

[*To Crowd*]

My friends, let's be mild

With this vertebrate wild;

His hunger is quite as acute as our own.

How can we deny the poor beast flesh and  
bone?

Let all parents draw lots who shall furnish  
the child.

Meanwhile, whether working in bread shop  
or pottery,

Let us get all the fun that we can from the  
lottery.

[*Cheers. Curtain*]



SCENE II. *Outside the Town-hall.* KING,  
POMPOSO, BELINDA *and* Crowd.

POMPOSO

*[Drawing names in the lottery]*

It's getting exciting and almost affrighting,  
There's only four tickets now left in the  
hat.

*[Draws a ticket and reads]* Timothous, the  
Baker,

*[BAKER and DAUGHTER dance with relief]*  
Your daughter's safe; take her. . . .

*[Aside]* Not much of a loss for the Dragon,  
the brat.

BUTCHER'S DAUGHTER

*[Frightened]*

Now there only are three. Oh, perhaps  
'twill be me!

St. George

[SCENE II

POMPOSO

[*Drawing a ticket*]

John Smith, to your Smithy; *you're* safe for  
a week.

[*The SMITH and his DAUGHTER  
dance together*

BUTCHER S DAUGHTER

Oh, Daddy, what terror!

BUTCHER

There must be some error;  
They *shan't* have my daughter!

BAKER

What nonsense.

BLACKSMITH

What cheek!

KING

[*Greatly delighted*]

Only *two* tickets more.  
There's surprises in store.  
Ten to one on the Butcher.

SCENE II]      and the Dragon

POMPOSO

I'm taking you.

KING

Done.

BAKER

I can't help but giggle.

BLACKSMITH

Just watch the child wriggle and miggles and  
swiggle.

BLACKSMITH'S DAUGHTER

Oh, isn't it fun!

POMPOSO

Just two more in the hat. [*Puts in his hand*

BUTCHER

You shan't have her, that's flat!

KING

We shall see, my good fellow.

St. George

[SCENE II

POMPOSO

[*Draws and reads*]

Bill Butcher.

BUTCHER

We're free!

[BUTCHER *and* DAUGHTER *dance*  
[*All look at the* KING *and* BELINDA

POMPOSO

Well, the odds were agen her!

KING

Why, there goes my tenner!

There's *only one* left. Who on earth can  
it be?

[*To the Crowd who are pressing in  
and struggling*

Now, steady! No fighting!

BUTCHER

This *is* most exciting;

Go on, draw the ticket——

SCENE II]      and the Dragon



POMPOSO (reads) "THE KING!"



SCENE II]

St. George

BAKER

Form round in a ring!

[POMPOSO *takes out the ticket and  
unfolds it*

KING

Who *can* be left over?

Some shepherd or drover,

Some varlet or rover or *Tover*—

POMPOSO

[*Reads*]

The King!

KING

[*Nettled*]

My friend, you are joking!

The fun that you're poking

Is not in good taste. You surprise me!

Go to!

It isn't quite loyal;

You forget that I'm royal. . . .

Pomposo, we didn't expect it of *you*.

POMPOSO

But what can I say?  
*You* arranged it that way.  
*Every parent*, you said.

BUTCHER

Yes, we heard him . . .

BAKER

That's so.

BLACKSMITH

Well, you should . . .

BUTCHER

Yes, you oughter . . .

BAKER

Hand over your daughter!

CROWD

*Belinda! Belinda! Belinda!* must go . . .

BELINDA

Why, of course, Father dear;



SCENE II]      and the Dragon

I *must* go, it is clear  
The city wants food and you've given your  
word.

POMPOSO

This greatly distresses.

KING

But surely Princesses  
Were never included; the notion's *absurd!*

BUTCHER

Play the game! Play the game!

BLACKSMITH

Has he no sense of shame?

BAKER

For a person so high his behaviour is low.

BUTCHER

Fetch faggots and tinder  
We'll *burn* his Belinda!

CROWD

Belinda! *Belinda!* BELINDA! must go. . . .

## St. George

[SCENE II

BELINDA

Dearest Father, I'm willing.  
In fact it's quite thrilling;  
I'll rather enjoy getting off for the day.  
To the creature alarming  
I'll make myself charming,  
I doubt if the Dragon's as bad as they say.  
I shall come to no harm . . .

KING

Well, do wrap up warm.

POMPOSO

And take your hot bottle; 'tis chilly, you  
know.

BUTCHER

From a crown to a cinder

CROWD

Hurrah for *Belinda*!  
*Belinda, Belinda* . . .

BELINDA

*Belinda will go!*

*[Curtain*

SCENE III. DRAGON'S *Lair*. DRAGON *dis-*  
*covered in deep gloom.*

DRAGON

Lonely, misunderstood,  
In this desolate wood  
I pass an existence profoundly depressing;  
Hated, cut, ostracised,  
Feared, detested, despised  
Because of a faint human note in my mess-  
ing!

Although I enjoy grilled maiden or boy  
And greatly prefer curried lady to lentil,  
I think all the same  
I fairly may claim  
To be in essentials both simple and gentle.  
My manners are chaste,  
I've excellent taste,  
I quote by the hour both from Shakespeare  
and Shelley!  
For literature light  
I read with delight

The "Sorrows of Satan" by Marie Corelli.

Oh, why should my "gout"

For little-girl-stew

Excite the contempt of my critics censorious,

While they openly boast

Of kidney on toast

And admit they consider roast lamb simply  
glorious!

Well, well, let them rant!

I'll laugh at their cant

And pledge them in highly spiced blood from  
my flagon;

Be true to my whim

For carcase and limb

And live the free life of a thorough-paced  
Dragon!

*[Rises and peers across the landscape*

But surely 'tis time that supplies should  
arrive?

Let me see *[Consults the calendar and  
looks at his watch*

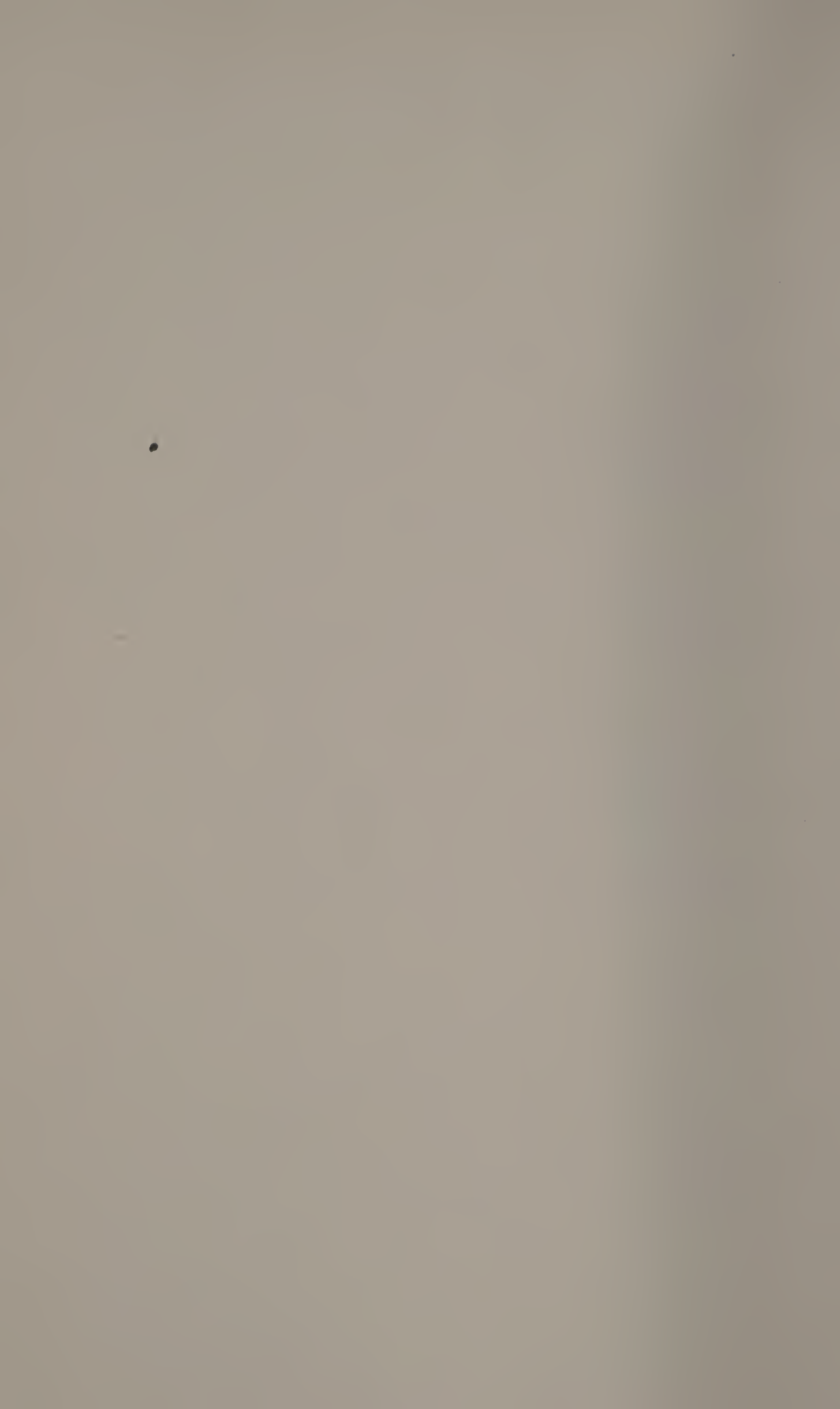
It is Monday and nine-forty-five.

Those knaves must be prompter in sending  
their sample;

SCENE III] and the Dragon



"FOR LITERATURE LIGHT"



SCENE III]

St. George

I fear they'll oblige me to make an example.

*Enter* BELINDA

BELINDA

Good morning!

DRAGON

Aha! A fine bird in the mesh!

Pray step into the larder and try to keep fresh.

BELINDA

How successful you've been in selecting your lair!

It is perfectly sweet! Such a view and such air!

And the larder! A treasure. A miniature Heaven!

DRAGON

Pray step in. Glad you like it. I lunch at eleven.

BELINDA

I'm so pleased. To wait longer I'd scarce  
have been able!

Will you let me assist you in laying the  
table?

Let me see. Here's the cupboard! What,  
only one plate?

I shall make one of paper for *you*. 'Twill  
be great!

DRAGON

Never mind. I can manage without your  
assistance,

Except in the rôle of *pièce de résistance*.

In your walk from the town you have done  
quite enough,

So be good and sit still or you'll only get  
tough!

BELINDA

Dearest Drag., you're a wag! Why you  
*never* would *eat* me;

There are people who've travelled from  
Europe to meet me.



SCENE III]    and the Dragon

I'm a Certified Driver, a trained V.A.D.,  
I can jazz, I can sing, I've a Science Degree!  
In fact, I feel sure as Companion I'd do  
For a really intelligent Dragon like you!

DRAGON

*[Shutting his ears]*

How you talk. By such tattle you bring  
your own fate on!

BELINDA

Now be good and I'll read you the "Sorrows  
of Satan"!

DRAGON

And why not? 'Twould be jolly to hear it  
again,

*[Looks at watch]* But it's hardly worth  
while, 'tis a quarter past ten!

*[Rises reluctantly and takes down  
cooking pot]*

And I fear you can *hardly* read out while  
you *stew*!

St. George

[SCENE III]

BELINDA

[*Pointing left*]

Why, here comes a Knight Errant; perhaps  
he'll eat *you*.

*Enter* SAINT GEORGE

DRAGON

Eat *me*. We shall see!

SAINT GEORGE

[*Aside*]

It's a Dragon!

Dear me!

Now *what* should a knight do in these cir-  
cumstances?

Why, he's just like a Tank. I shall try his  
*left* flank . . . [Moves left]

BELINDA

How *splendid* he looks as he boldly ad-  
vances!

SCENE III]     and the Dragon

DRAGON

*This* will help with the stew!

What good luck to get two . . .

*[Picks up his club and looks round]*

Now where's this mosquito. Let's hurry and  
swat him!

One tap on the brisket

Will crush him like biscuit.

*[Rushes on Saint George but trips  
over his own tail]*

SAINT GEORGE

He stumbles. I'll risk it.

*[Plunges lance sideways into DRAGON]*

DRAGON

*[Wildly]*

He's *murdered* me.

SAINT GEORGE

*Got him.*

BELINDA

Hurrah, I am *free*!

## St. George

[SCENE III]

SAINT GEORGE

Pray congratulate *me*.

I hardly expected to kill him so neatly.

BELINDA

I'm very much struck

By your skill and your pluck;

You've captured the heart of Belinda completely.

SAINT GEORGE

I'm delighted to find that I've made an impression

And your heart shall be kept as a cherished possession.

But a few little details I'm anxious to learn  
Before I decide to give mine in return.

As a matter of form I'm obliged to enquire  
Your age, race, religion, the name of your  
sire,

Your income and capital down to a penny,  
Your accomplishments, gifts and attain-  
ments . . . if any!

SCENE III] and the Dragon



"YOU'VE CAPTURED THE HEART OF  
BELINDA COMPLETELY"



SCENE III]

## St. George

BELINDA

Gentle knight, your rare prudence I quite understand.

I'm *Belinda*. My father is King of this land.

I'm a Certified Driver, a trained V.A.D.,

I can sing, I can jazz, I've a Science Degree!

In fact I feel sure as Companion I'd do

For a really courageous Knight Errant like you.

SAINT GEORGE

Dearest Lady, enough. I am free to admit

That in every respect you're essentially "it."

*Enter KING and Crowd*

ALL

He has slaughtered the Dragon

That ravished and tore us!

BUTCHER

Come, dancers,

BAKER

Come, fiddlers,

St. George

[SCENE III

ALL

Come, strike up the chorus.

POMPOSO

Bring wine from the cellars.

KING

Come, fill me a flagon

And drink to Belinda, Saint George . . .

BELINDA

*And the Dragon.*

*[Curtain*



# THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THE BEAUTY

*Her* OLD NURSE

THE FAIRY PRINCE

OWL

FIELD MOUSE

# THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

SCENE: *A Forest at morning. The OWL is seen half asleep, amongst the leaves to right.*

*Enter a FIELD MOUSE*

MOUSE

I've been here seven weeks  
That's a very long time  
And I watch her each day  
As the branches I climb!  
She just lies there asleep!  
Without bite, without sup!  
How on earth does she live?  
Will she never wake up?

OWL

Little creature, the lady's protracted repose  
Is a puzzle defying solution by those

## The Sleeping Beauty

Who, like you and the flowers, are but things  
of the Hours!

It requires a long life and mature meditation  
To be able to furnish the true explanation.  
In a century passed, but I won't mention  
which,

This young lady's great Aunt, who was also  
a witch,

Settled down in the wild

With the Nurse and the Child;

And commenced, far removed from disturb-  
ing relations,

To write her great book on Quadratic  
Equations.

MOUSE

What a word!

OWL

Yes, indeed! You are  
wise not to try it!

But you'll easily see that one needs *perfect*  
quiet

To write books of that kind.

# The Sleeping Beauty



“WILL SHE NEVER WAKE UP?”



## The Sleeping Beauty

Well I'm rather inclined  
To think the Witch showed a marked want  
of ability  
In bringing a child, when she yearned for  
tranquillity!  
I suggest that she partly deserved her sad  
fate—  
Which arrived pretty quickly—for early and  
late  
There was nothing but banging and whizz-  
ing and whirring,  
Loud crunchings of sweets and low pussycat  
purring,  
And the thousand strange noises that chil-  
dren delight in  
Till the wood was a place to go mad—*not*  
to write—in!

MOUSE

And what happened?

OWL

Her plight  
Was impossible; quite!

## The Sleeping Beauty

She endured it five, seven, nine days . . .

On the tenth,

When absorbed in the value of  $N$  to the  
 $N$ th,

And just as she'd got it all clear in her  
brain

A voice said, "Dear Aunt, will you please *be*  
*a train?*"

The rejoinder was such as to make one's  
flesh creep;

Just simply three terrible words—"Go to  
. . . *sleep!*"

And the poor child turned round without  
protest or wince;

She went straight to her bed and has slept  
ever since.

What is funnier still, so intense was the  
spell

It affected Nurse, Cat and Canary as  
well,

And in silence, at last, without bang, whizz  
or whirr,

The witch finished her book—and the book  
finished her!



# The Sleeping Beauty

MOUSE

And the child?

OWL

She remains, through her  
Aunt's incantation,  
In a state of suspended, or fixed animation;  
And she always *will* sleep, as she's slept ever  
since  
Until kissed on the nose by a young Fairy  
Prince.

MOUSE

On the *nose*?

OWL

Yes, the *nose*!

MOUSE

Goodness gracious, that's queer.  
But . . .

OWL

Be silent! A footstep!

# The Sleeping Beauty

MOUSE

Hush; some one draws near.  
[*The MOUSE dives into the hedge*]

*Enter the* FAIRY PRINCE

PRINCE

[*Searching for a path*]

Blocked again! Why this isn't a pathway  
at all—

Just a blind mass of bushes as thick as a  
wall—

Well, I can't go ahead and I *will not* turn  
back

So here goes for a rest! I'll sit down on the  
track. [Sits

Oh, it's fine to be free, with each reed, grass  
and tree,

As a jolly companion to roister with me—

With no smiles to suppress, and no yawning  
to smother

As so often occurs with my Royal Queen  
Mother.

# The Sleeping Beauty

[FIELD MOUSE *peeps out of hedge,*  
PRINCE *sees her.*

Mark! Field Mouse! [*Throws a fir cone and misses*]

High right!

[FIELD MOUSE *flies*] Never mind! Made it  
wiggle! . . .

And then to escape from the titter and  
giggle,

The blushing and gushing and winking and  
shynesses

Of those very Serene and Transparent young  
Highnesses,

My cousins, Erminda, Belinda and Pearl!

Why it's grand to look round without see-  
ing a girl!

FIELD MOUSE *reappears*

MOUSE

[*Aside to owl*] 'Tis the Prince. He must  
wake her. I'll squeak till he follows  
me!

## The Sleeping Beauty

It's worth *any* risk. I don't care if he swallows me!

PRINCE

I'll just settle down here and I'll build me a house  
Made of branches and leaves [MOUSE  
*squeaks*] Stop! I *must* catch that mouse!

[MOUSE *disappears into the hedge.*

PRINCE *draws sword and hacks at the bushes which suddenly part and reveal . . . the SLEEPING BEAUTY on her couch, the old NURSE, the CAT, the CANARY, etc.*

PRINCE

Odds Bodkins! Where am I? What *do* I behold?

A vision of beauty, with tresses of gold,  
Not a bit like Erminda, Belinda, or Pearl!  
I believe . . . No it *can't* . . . Yes it *must*  
. . . be . . . a girl!

# The Sleeping Beauty



"ODDS BODKINS! WHERE AM I? WHAT DO I  
BEHOLD?"



## The Sleeping Beauty

[*Goes forward a little and looks at  
her seriously*

Well she *is* simply jolly! I'd like to go  
nearer . . .

And perhaps even *touch* her . . . but some-  
how, I fear her!

She's so *good*! . . . Are they always like  
that when asleep?

Shall I fly for my life . . . or go forward  
and "peep"?

MOUSE

Ask the Owl.

OWL

As if any one cared what *I*  
say!

My advice is "clear out"! but I know that  
you'll stay.

PRINCE

Yes, I will! [*Advancing a little*] What a  
hand! Why I can't understand  
How prettier fingers could ever be planned!

## The Sleeping Beauty

She has corals for lips and her cheek is a  
rose

And . . . Ye Gods and small Fishes! . . .  
just *look* at her Nose!

It's so pink and so white and so batchelor's  
buttony

That I cannot resist it! It fills me with  
gluttony!

The cheeky tip-tilted young lump of de-  
light!

The rogue! . . . I'll just teach it! . . .  
Here goes for a bite!

*[Bends down and rises again laugh-  
ing]*

But perhaps that might *wake* her, it's safer  
to *kiss*! *[Does so]*

*[The lady wakes, clock strikes,  
NURSE stands up, CAT mews, etc.]*

Good Heavens!

NURSE

It's time for your *chocolate*, Miss!

SLEEPING BEAUTY

*[To PRINCE]* Who are *you*?



# The Sleeping Beauty

NURSE

And it's time to get . . . [*Sees* PRINCE]  
Well I declare . . . !

SLEEPING BEAUTY

[*Repeating*]

Who are *you*? And what chance brought  
you here?

PRINCE

Lady Fair,  
A Knight Errant by trade, and Prince  
Charming by name,  
In the search of adventure I happily came,  
In the hope that good fortune would throw  
in my way  
A Princess to save or a Dragon to slay,  
Till I found in the wild, far from pasture  
and tillage  
You asleep!

NURSE

How he boasts of a walk  
through the village!

# The Sleeping Beauty

PRINCE

What village?

NURSE

*The village.*

PRINCE

There's *none*.

MOUSE

It appears  
That there's not been a village for years and  
for years.  
Ask the Owl!

OWL

What the Mouse says is perfectly true!  
All the houses have crumbled and fallen,  
while *you*,  
Kept suspended in time, like a Mammoth in  
ice,  
Have not disintegrated! . . . and even look  
*nice*.

## The Sleeping Beauty

When this amorous Princeling at kissing did  
venture, he

Disturbed a sound sleep that had lasted a  
*century!*

I would add that a useful deduction from  
this is

“Let your beak be securely protected from  
kisses.”

PRINCE

Goodness gracious!

NURSE

Oh, Lor!

SLEEPING BEAUTY

For a cen-

tury past

For a hundred long years I have slept and  
at last,

I awake to the light and the life and the  
gleam

Of this merry old world . . . like the flower  
in my dream!

# The Sleeping Beauty

PRINCE

Like the flower? You must tell me!

SLEEPING BEAUTY

Ah, times

without number,

As I wandered alone in the Garden of  
Slumber,

Came the dream . . . that a little flower  
under the ground

In the chill of the clay and in silence  
profound

Pushed up, from its roots, through the black-  
ness of night,

A little soft tendril in search of the  
light;

But it met on its way, here a clod, there a  
stone,

And I wept in the Garden of Slumber,  
alone,

As I watched it, still striving in darkness and  
pain,

And could see that its hopes and its efforts  
were vain,

# The Sleeping Beauty



OWL: "THIS SWEET UNION LET NOTHING DISSEVER"



## The Sleeping Beauty

Till at last, the Sun burst through the silence  
and gloom,  
Kissed the tendril, and crowned it with  
springtime and bloom.

PRINCE

*[Taking her hands]*

I've invented a game! Shall we play it?

MOUSE

What fun!

SLEEPING BEAUTY

Yes, of course!

PRINCE

Be the tendril and I'll be the sun!

Be the Queen of the morning and I'll be the  
King,

And the Owl shall unite us with book and  
with ring!

SLEEPING BEAUTY

Well, I'm sure! What a funny proposal to  
make!

## The Sleeping Beauty

And it all is so *sudden*. I'm hardly *awake*!

[*Thinks for a moment*

I'm a hundred and twelve and you're only  
fifteen

You're a great deal too young!

NURSE

Yes, that's easily seen.

PRINCE

Time is only a word. Nothing matters but  
Life

And we're equal in that, so you *must* be my  
wife.

Here's the ring!

[*Puts a ring on her finger*

OWL

This sweet union let nothing dissever.

PRINCE

[*To SLEEPING BEAUTY*] I take you at once  
and I keep you for ever!



# The Sleeping Beauty



“YOU WERE MARRIED THE MOMENT HE GAVE YOU  
A KISS”



# The Sleeping Beauty

OWL

[*To* SLEEPING BEAUTY] Will you marry  
this Prince, honour, love and obey?

SLEEPING BEAUTY

Yes, I'll *honour and love* him as long as I  
may.

[*To the* PRINCE] Are we *married*?

PRINCE

For ever, my Queen and Delight.

SLEEPING BEAUTY

[*To the* OWL] Are we married?

OWL

Why, yes, I suppose it's all right!

SLEEPING BEAUTY

[*To the* MOUSE] What think you?

MOUSE

I don't  
*think!* But *my feeling* is this:

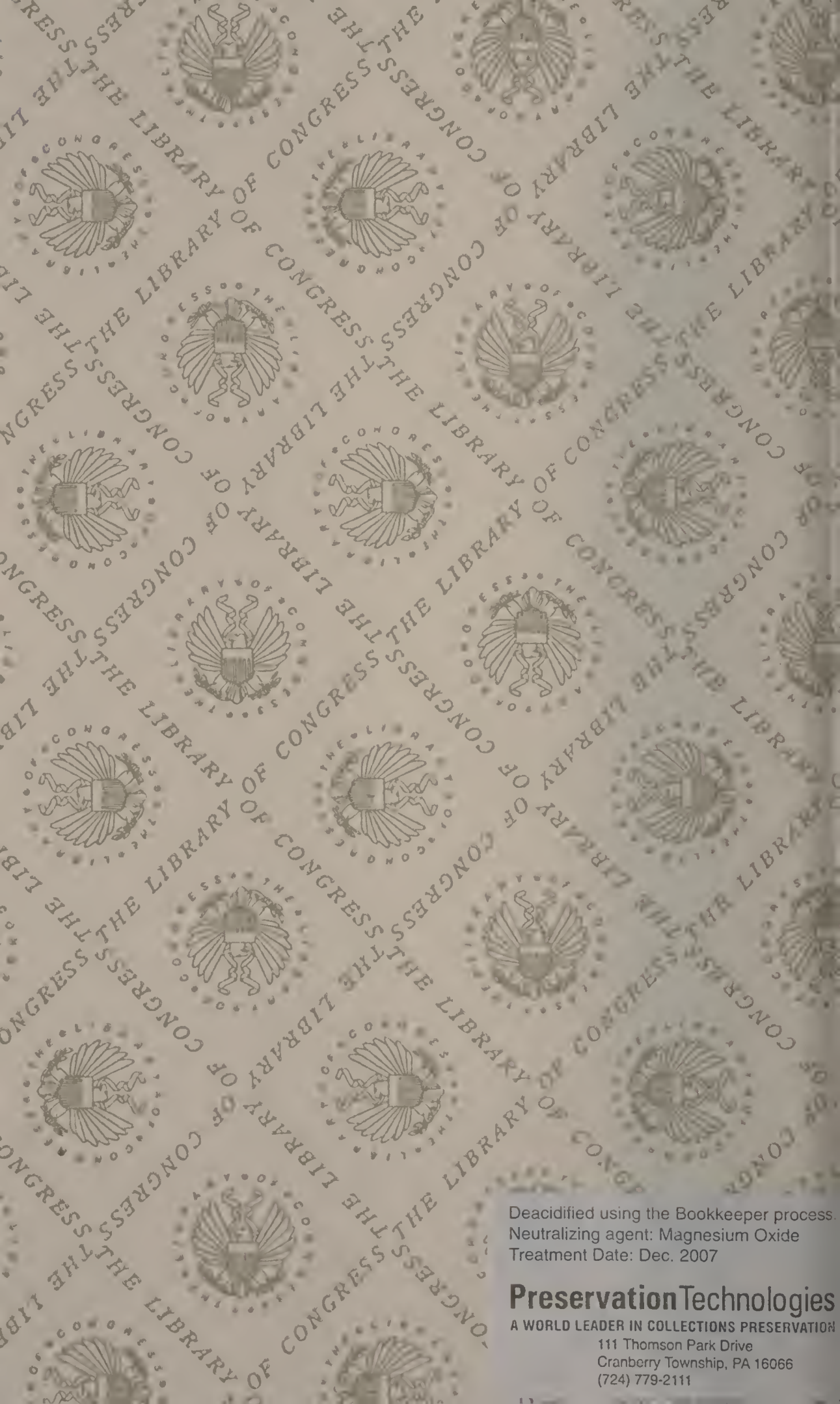
## The Sleeping Beauty

You were married the moment he gave you  
a kiss. *[Curtain*









Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.  
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide  
Treatment Date: Dec. 2007

## Preservation Technologies

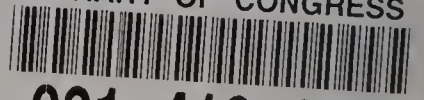
A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive  
Cranberry Township, PA 16066  
(724) 779-2111





LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 021 419 853 8